

From Arkansas To the Southwest Corner of Iowa

By Noah True Love

Leaving as the dimness of dawn dissipates
from near pre-history and burns into color.

The low hum of road under rubber wheels
meeting rubbered pavement carry me north, away

from metro-stations into the sleepy neon agri-plains rimming west
Missouri, green swellings filled with the farmer's

dependants. Neat and tidy grid-rows of crops pass
me by, blending like paint-stained water -

interrupted by a shack with a large wooden
sign staked up from the ground with

white letters spelling Pecans, and later
by a classical farmhouse with white sidings,

sharp gables, a white wooden porch, and large windows -
so far off the highway it looked like a doll house.

My eyes were riding the grid-rows, carpeting and slaloming
new low hills, stretching their way into Iowa.

The alluvial plains naked for miles, the trees
skeletal, dark and unremarkable -

but now filled out lively, flashing out with lovely
leaflets, limbs to mingle with the wind.

The rubbered pavement, under the rubber wheels,
covering bits and fragments of lives that will never

be retrieved. Where flesh and soul have sweat,
this strider of speed-ways skims over.